

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



PATTY ARRIVES AT AUNT PILKINGTON'S HOUSE.

MISS PILKINGTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

SUCH was the town and such its inhabitants, along whose streets Patty, late in the afternoon, and after a somewhat uncomfortable journey in a third-class carriage, which she had shared for more than one-half of the way with a set of roughs, was slowly driving from the quiet railway-station, her luggage, all safe, accompanying her. She was too

full of anxiety about the meeting with her unknown Scotch relative to be fit for much observation, but she could not fail to be struck with the length and steepness of the hill up which the large-boned cab-horse toiled after leaving the level road which ran parallel with the shore, and with the imposing appearance of the stone-built terraces they passed, which was a novelty to her brick-accustomed eyes. The declivity was partially broken by driving for a short way along one of these, and then continu-

ing the ascent by a different route. At a short distance from the summit the cab stopped at the gate of a small neat villa, one of a row of similar but detached residences, each with its bow at one side, extending from the ground floor to near the parapet of the house, containing the windows of the two sitting-rooms, bright and smart with green venetian blinds. The steepness of the hill necessitated a sunk storey in front, which was spanned over by an archway the width of the doorsteps, to which it gave access, and which was railed in on either side by an ornamental iron balustrade, which also extended along the footway in front of the houses, linking them together though built apart. Patty could read her aunt's number on the brass plate in the centre of the little gate. The cabman pulled the bell, and with no more delay than just allowed Patty to alight, the house door was opened by a respectable elderly maid-servant, who seemed to have been on the watch for her arrival. She came forward immediately, dropped an old-fashioned curtsy, and in a broad north-country accent, which sounded strange and uncouth in Patty's ear, gave her a kindly but formal welcome to Hileum-Seabeach, as if she herself was one of the family, and bound to support its character for hospitality. It touched and cheered Patty, who naturally thought, "Like maid, like mistress."

"You're welcome to Hileum-Seabeach, mem," she said. Then turning to the cabman, who was following Patty with the box, "Put that down in the lobby," she said, authoritatively; "I can carry it up the stair myself unless it's all the heavier, and save my clean stair-carpet from being dirtied by your feet."

"As you please, mistress," said the man, with a grin, as he deposited the box as desired. "It isn't so heavy as it looks, certainly."

"Dinna let him overcharge you, mem," in a low voice, to Patty. "Two shillings is too much with only one box, and it carried no farther than to the house door; they always try to impose upon strangers. The lady has given you a sixpence more than you're entitled to," she said, sharply, to the man, on seeing that Patty had given no heed to her information.

"Ah!" answered the cabby, derisively, "don't I know that you Scotch would go five miles about to save a penny! Thank you, ma'am," and he took his departure.

"They're an impudent, dishonest pack, all of them, unless it's old George that my mistress employs," said the indignant Scotchwoman, as she shut the door. "Please to come this way, mem; Mrs. Pilkington's in the drawing-room, and she will be very glad to see you." And thus answering confidently for her mistress, she preceded Patty up a handsomely carpeted staircase, whose unsullied freshness she had feared the cabman's somewhat muddy shoes would soil. At the top was a landing-place of the same width, but not length, as of the lobby below. The woman opened the second door on the right hand, and saying to the occupant of the room, "Here's the young leddy, mem," held the door wide open to admit Patty, and, probably also, as she was slow in shutting it after her, that she might witness the meeting between her and her aunt.

An old lady, with a keen, observant face, which scanned Patty sharply as she entered the room, was seated in a low easy-chair by the fireplace, which, though the weather was almost warm enough to render it unnecessary, contained a small bright fire.

She was dressed in plain black silk; a white Shetland shawl, fine as lace and with all its effect, was thrown loosely over her shoulders, and she still wore a widow's cap, though her husband was dead at least ten years. She was occupied in knitting a large stocking of dark grey wool, anything but an ornamental piece of work, and such as is seldom seen in drawing-rooms. As Patty timidly approached her she laid down her work on a little table which stood between her chair and the wall, deliberately took off her spectacles, which she carefully placed upon it also, all without speaking, and then, rising from her seat, exhibiting, as she did so, a neat, small, active figure considering her age, she held out her hand to the stranger, and bade her welcome.

"I am glad to see you, Patty, and hope you have had a good journey," she said, with a perceptible Highland accent, though far less marked than her handmaid's. "Sit down there and let me look at you," she abruptly added, when Patty had answered her, resuming her own chair and pointing to one on the opposite side of the hearth.

Patty coloured a little at the idea of this scrutiny, but did quietly as she was desired.

"Well, you're not bonnie," remarked the old lady, bluntly, after peering at her with her keen, penetrating eyes for some moments; "but maybe you're better than bonnie," she added, on observing the effect Patty's smile had upon her countenance; for the latter had been so long accustomed to remarks upon her plainness, that she had ceased to be hurt by them, and was now rather amused by her aunt's plain dealing. "You're not like your father," continued Mrs. Pilkington, after another short pause of critical survey, "which is a—hem!—and not like your mother either, I should suppose, for they say she was a beauty."

"No, I am not like my mother," said Patty, a tender recollection always affecting the tones of her voice when she spoke of her mother; "she was very pretty—and very good also," she added.

"Do you take after her in that?" asked Mrs. Pilkington, inquisitively.

"I cannot say that," said Patty; "but I should like to."

"So should I," said the old lady; "but there is a certain place said to be paved with good intentions, you know, and I am afraid that pavement owes a good deal to me; I have been laying it for many a day, and there seems no end to the work."

Matter-of-fact Patty already began to think that if Mrs. Pilkington was a fair specimen of the average Scotchwoman, the race was decidedly peculiar; she felt uncomfortably afraid of her by this time.

"I'll tell you who you're like, child," said the old lady, suddenly, in a softened tone, and with actual tears shining in her eyes; "I was puzzled by it when you came into the room, but I see it clearly now: you're like your uncle, Henry Pilkington, and a better man you could not take after, though he had neither your father's face nor figure."

And, to Patty's great surprise and infinite relief, Mrs. Pilkington rose, stepped over to where she sat, and kissed her affectionately.

"I am so glad," said Patty, whose heart had always yearned after affection and domestic happiness, but had met with no response to it since her mother's death.

"And I am glad of it too, Patty," said her aunt, patting her encouragingly on the shoulder. "I liked

your letter, child, and I think I shall like you. Yes, you are like your uncle; he was a good man, Patty—better than some who were preferred to him, but that you know nothing about, and we'll let sleeping dogs lie."

She then rang the bell, which was immediately attended to by the servant, who was upstairs, having just conveyed Patty's box there—an exertion not too much for her, as she was a strong, squarely made, muscular woman.

"PHEME," said her mistress, "you will take my niece to her room and bring her up some warm water. Patty, I have put you into a small room on this floor, close to my own. The best bedroom is downstairs, but I thought you would not like to be treated ceremoniously. And, PHEME, when you have done this, and uncorded the trunk—"

"I have done it already, mem," interrupted PHEME.

"Then get tea ready without delay. We shall have a touzie tea in the dining-room, Patty, which is more comfortable than dinner after a journey."

And Patty was forthwith conveyed to her room by the assiduous PHEME, which room, notwithstanding Mrs. Pilkington's mention of its smallness, she found in size, and in the abundance of its furniture and dainty adornments, very superior to any one she had ever occupied during her life. She had a feeling that it was too good for her, who had so recently been expecting to have to live in a respectable attic, but she did not like to say so to PHEME.

That was truly a comfortable tea that Patty found spread out in tempting order on the dining-room table, when, refreshed by her ablutions and her new dress put on, she was conducted downstairs by her aunt—very different, indeed, from the bread-and-scraps to which, as Mrs. Baigent had said, she had restricted herself. She had never sat down to so abundant and luxurious a meal in her life, and, notwithstanding grief and the sense of strangeness, she enjoyed it, poor thing! as Mrs. Pilkington saw with hospitable satisfaction. There was a hot venison pasty, the venison "from my cousin Mackenzie's own hills, Patty," observed the old lady, complacently, as she helped her to a liberal supply of it. There was, besides, a delicate cut of bacon-ham—a perfect picture of a ham in its contrast of red and white; and in addition to these solids and the Hileum-Seabeach loaf on its carved bread-tray, were thin flour *scones*, newly baked by PHEME, nestling within the folds of a snowy napkin; shortbread, a Scotch cake, which Patty now saw for the first time, and thoroughly appreciated; marmalade and heather honey from the same region that had furnished the venison, and which Mrs. Pilkington indicated by a name which, to Patty's southern tongue, was unpronounceable.

"My cousin, Kenneth Mackenzie, is the laird of Cloich now," she explained; "but the estate belonged to my father when I was young, Patty, and afterwards to my brother, who died years ago, unmarried, and so Kenneth, being heir by entail, got the old property; for" (with an air of dignity) "we are an old family, Patty, and can boast as good a family tree as the Duke himself."

Mrs. Pilkington was born in the West Highlands, and it was of course to the principal magnate there, the Duke of Argyll, she referred; but Patty, whose knowledge of Scotland was as vague and misty as its climate, supposed it was "the Duke" *par*

excellence, the Duke of Wellington, with whose name she, as a soldier's daughter, was very familiar, of whom her aunt spoke, and she received the communication with becoming reverence and respect, wondering in herself if her father had been aware of this.

"It is not the same property that it once was, though, Patty," continued her aunt, with whom the topic of her ancestry was a favourite one, as Patty was to discover ere long. "We lost a great slice of it in the fifteen, and the Mackenzie of that day was lucky that he did not lose his head too, as others did who were no further in the play than he was. But he had good friends, was hand-and-glove with Bute and Macallamore, though he differed from them in politics, and so he got off with a fine. My great-great-grandfather was out, too, in the forty-five, but he was a wiser man in his generation than his forefather, and contrived that his son and heir should fight for King George while he was fighting for King James, so that whichever side won there would still be a Mackenzie of Cloich. It wasn't altogether honourable," said the laird's descendant, with a shrewd nod of her head across the table to Patty, whose recollections of the Jacobite rebellions in Scotland—she had never read Waverley—were very confused, but who feared to betray her ignorance by venturing a question; "but it answered, my dear—it answered. The old laird was shot at Culloden, and the young one stepped into the lairdship without trouble."

And Mrs. Pilkington handed a cup of tea to her niece as composedly as if the event she had narrated was nothing uncommon in such families as hers.

"I would go back again, Patty, to the old place," continued the old lady, whose heart seemed wonderfully opened to her visitor, "but he is lying here, and I would like to be laid beside him when my time comes. There he is, Patty," directing by an upward glance and a motion of her head her companion's eyes to a half-length portrait of a gentleman above the fireplace, and exactly opposite to the tea-tray at which Mrs. Pilkington presided; "you might be his daughter, you are so like him. I can't help being drawn to you, though I don't easily take up with *fremd* folk—I like to eat a peck of salt with them first. That portrait was painted by Macnee, Patty, more than twenty years ago, soon after our marriage; for we were neither of us very young when we came together," she added, as Patty gazed with interest on the likeness of that near relative whom she had never seen, and her unsuspected resemblance to whom had made so favourable an impression on her aunt's mind, notwithstanding their different nationalities and Mrs. Pilkington's strong prejudices in regard to ancient descent, though she herself had married an Englishman with no pretensions beyond ordinary gentility.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE portrait was that of a plain man of middle age, whose countenance wore an expression of sincerity and benevolence, tempered, however, an acute physiognomist might have pronounced, by a look of firmness and resolution about the lines of the mouth, which qualities, unless kept in check, might degenerate into obstinacy. There was nothing of this in Patty's face, which rather expressed a too yielding disposition, her likeness to the portrait consisting in

features and complexion, in the same colour of hair, and in general expression. As Mrs. Pilkington said, she might have passed for his daughter. There is usually at least some slight resemblance between members of the same family, but to Patty's disappointment, she could discover no trace of her father in her uncle's portrait.

"I am very glad I resemble my uncle," said Patty, ingenuously, "for I was afraid you might not like me—" She was about to use the word "aunt," but suddenly checked herself, fearing that it might be considered a liberty. The quick old lady instantly divined the reason, but she liked Patty the better for the hesitation.

"Yes, child, call me aunt," she said, kindly. "I should like you to do so."

"Thank you, aunt—I was afraid you might not like me; and I have been very lonely since papa died, and have so wished for a kind word sometimes."

"A kind word, child! Had you no friend sympathising enough to give you that?" said Mrs. Pilkington in a quick tone. "Why where have you and your father been all these years?"

"We have lived in London since papa went on half-pay," said Patty.

"And what have you been doing there? Don't tell me that Edward Pilkington had not plenty of friends wherever he was, and of course they would be yours too."

Patty, as may be recollected, had determined to say nothing about her friendless position, but moved by her aunt's unexpected kindness, she had approached the subject without thinking, and now she instantly succumbed to the authoritative tone of her aunt's questions, as had been her custom all her life on similar occasions.

"Papa had some old brother officers in London that he used to meet at his club," she said, submissively; "but we were too poor to make new friends, Aunt Pilkington, and I did not know any one."

"Dear me! And you lived in lodgings, I suppose?"

"I have never lived but in lodgings all my life," said Patty.

"Pleasant!" exclaimed the old lady, whose keen eyes were watching her niece's face. "But why were you so poor? What became of your father's £ve thousand pounds?"

"I don't know," said Patty, hesitating; "I never heard of such a sum. He had five hundred pounds when he married my mother, and he settled it all on her and her children, aunt. He told me so himself, and I know it is true, for I saw the law gentleman, who has charge of it, before I left London."

"It was very disinterested of him," said Mrs. Pilkington, grimly.

"Yes, it was very self-denying of him, aunt, wasn't it?" said unsuspecting Patty; "for, of course, he might have bought an annuity with it, as he used to say, which would have procured him many little comforts I could not get for him."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Pilkington; "and so you have five hundred pounds?" she said, after a short silence, during which she had poured out another cup of tea for Patty.

Patty smiled, and answered in the affirmative. She was glad that her aunt should thus early learn that she was independent of a salary.

"That's five-and-twenty pounds a year at five per cent., and you'll get that, I dare say," said the old lady. "Not a bad allowance for a young woman to dress on. I never had more when I was one, for Highland lairds of ancient family cannot afford to dress out their daughters like your rich tradesfolk; but they can't give them blood, Patty, these manufacturers and shopkeepers, though they can give them silks and satins. Well, child, but five-and-twenty pounds couldn't keep you after your father's death, let alone before it, though there was his half-pay then. You must have starved!"

"Oh no, no!" cried Patty, distressed that her aunt should suppose that her father had suffered actual privations; "we had to live very economically, of course, but I never allowed poor papa to want necessary comforts."

"You only wanted them yourself—I see," said Mrs. Pilkington. "Take your tea, Patty, and a slice of that ham beside you, and try to get some flesh on your bones; they're sharp enough, in all conscience, if you are not."

She was silent for some minutes after this, casting occasional shrewd glances round the side of the tureen at her niece, who was puzzling herself about the meaning of her aunt's remarks, and had again begun to feel a little awe of her. At length Mrs. Pilkington broke out abruptly, "What did you mean to do, Patty, if I had not written to you? You couldn't have been a governess, I can see that already. How did you propose to earn your bread, child? Speak out, and don't look so frightened! Don't you know that great barkers are seldom biters?"

"I—I had been accustomed to do needlework for an outfitting shop in the City to increase our income," said Patty, tremblingly; "and I meant to take a cheap room in some respectable locality, and work, aunt."

"What!" ejaculated the patrician old lady, sharply, in her astonishment. "Did your father actually make a common seamstress of you, child?"

"He did not know of it, aunt," said Patty, earnestly; "I mean I never told him that I sewed for Spence and Wormald; I knew he would not have liked it."

"I dare say; and he had no eyes in his head; for I suppose you did not do your sewing in your bedroom," drily remarked Mrs. Pilkington, whose acuteness had noted the qualification. "But there was only you; why did not your father give you the usual education of a gentleman's daughter when you were a girl?"

"I don't think papa could afford it even then, though I know my mother was very economical," said Patty, anxious to vindicate her father's conduct, for she now suspected that he did not occupy a higher place in Mrs. Pilkington's estimation than she had filled in his; "and I am afraid, Aunt Pilkington, I was very stupid and backward, and only fit to sew and cut out," added Patty, with genuine humility.

"Humph! and your mother taught you these, I suppose, for that was her trade, I have heard?" said Mrs. Pilkington, one of whose reasons of dislike to her brother-in-law had been the low marriage he had contracted. "Well, well, an ill cow may have a good calf, though cow's, maybe, not the right word here, for there's no fault to be found with your mother personally—you needn't assure me of it so piteously, child; I only wish she had been born a gentlewoman—

but that's more than can be said of your—hem! Well, Patty, sewing's a very good thing; much better than jangling bad music or wasting drawing-paper with washy sketches that would drive an artist crazy. I don't find fault with your sewing, Patty. What else could you do, poor thing? Bless me!" she again ejaculated, within the screen of the tea-urn, but this time in a low voice to herself.

They had a longer talk over the drawing-room fire when they returned there after tea, and though Mrs. Pilkington did not spare her questions, as if determined to know at once all that Patty could tell of her previous life and lodging-house experiences, she put them with considerably more gentleness and consideration than those with which she had startled and distressed her earlier in the evening. She evidently listened with great curiosity and interest to her niece's unpretending descriptions of a kind of life with which she herself was so unfamiliar; and if Patty sometimes unconsciously revealed unlovely traits of her father's character to her shrewd and observant interrogator when giving these, Mrs. Pilkington had now schooled herself into making no audible comments on them. She was very kind and encouraging to Patty, and the latter's heart began to expand again under this influence. She felt younger, too, than she had done since her mother's death. She was, indeed, only thirty-one; but she had come of late years, while living alone with her father and harassed with the continual cares of making their narrow income suffice for their wants, to consider herself a middle-aged woman, with even a greyer and more colourless life than that of the past—and it had been still and uneventful enough—lying before her. But now she could contrast herself with this elderly woman; and as she looked at the grey hair and wrinkled face and hands, the latter knitting perseveringly at the huge bag of a stocking while the conversation went on, she could not but feel she was young in comparison, and being somehow reminded of the days when she and her mother were companions during their long and frequent solitary evenings. Mrs. Pilkington was very unlike her sweet, gentle mother, it is true; but more than once while this talk went on Patty had been surprised to see tears shining in her aunt's eyes, and had found that the voice, which in general was so sharp and abrupt in its tones, could soften into tenderness. She did not always understand her remarks owing to the numerous Scotticisms and proverbial sayings with which Mrs. Pilkington, though so long a resident in England, seasoned them, in defiance of all the remonstrances and well-bred raillery of her English friends, and especially of her particular friend and fellow-humourist, the learned rector of Hilcum-Seabeach, with whom she had many a good-humoured passage of arms about their different nationalities and modes of expression, in which he was not always the victor.

"Don't try to amend my Scotticisms," she had once smartly said to him, in presence of a company assembled at the rectory, "till you have corrected your Anglicisms. Miss Nancy Brook there [Miss Nancy's round smiling face instantly expressed consternation] asked at dinner-time for a little bit of rice—you know you did, Miss Nancy!—and what's the difference, I wonder, between that and asking for a few broth, like the Scotch. Let every one sweep before his own door, rector, before he attempts to clean his neighbour's doorstep!"

"In other words," said the amused rector, "pull the beam out of your own eye before you seek to take the mote out of your neighbour's. Eh, Miss Nancy?"

So Mrs. Pilkington was somewhat feared as well as respected by the society in which she mixed—and it was only the best with which she would associate—in the little town of Hilcum-Seabeach. Her acquaintances had come in the course of time to understand her mixed dialect and proverbialisms (she could have expressed herself in pure English if she had chosen), both, indeed, being individually characteristic rather than national, but to her niece at present they were as words in an unknown tongue.

Patty, having no work to occupy her eyes and hands, employed the former in examining her aunt's drawing-room while they conversed. It was a pretty comfortable room, not large in size, but sufficiently so for a small family, and with a lofty ceiling. The deep bow window, the only window of the room, with its venetians, ample damask curtains, mixed with others of embroidered muslin, the rich but simple paper on the walls harmonising in colour with the small patterned Brussels carpet, the plenitude but not overcrowding of furniture, not too fine for everyday use, made up an apartment as different as can be imagined to the dull, vulgar, uncomfortable sitting-room to which Patty had been so long accustomed in Poplar Road, and indeed to any of the lodgings in which she had resided during her thirty-one years. Her taste, which was naturally good, was for the first time in her life gratified by her surroundings. But she felt as she had done concerning the bedroom, that it was too good for her, and that the solitary London room to which she had lately thought herself condemned, was more in agreement with her past experiences, and, it might be, future prospects. "I must take care and not get to like these nice things too much," thought prudent Patty, "for fear I may miss them too much afterwards."

PRACTICAL SOCIAL SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

VII.—SICKNESS, DEATH, AND BURIAL.

ALTHOUGH the average length of human life may be increased in a civilised country where medical knowledge and practice are based upon true scientific principles, we may believe, paradoxical as it seems, that, at present, successful treatment of the sick results in a greater abundance of sickness. It has been said that among savages the only disease is death. The weakly and suffering die off quickly. Here and there faith in the incantation or the charm of the medicine-man may kindle fresh power of resistance to a passing malady, but ignorance of the healing art must inevitably result in a fewness of cures. Among the lower animals, too, the ailing meet with no sympathy or succour from their fellows. The sick beast is butted from the herd. A friend of mine had a pair of tame turtle-doves. The male had some ailment which made it helpless, and one morning he found that its mate had pecked it to death. The sheep may bleat over a dead lamb, or the bitch whine at the decease of a puppy, but, speaking generally, perfect unconcern for sufferers of its own kin marks the brute. And just

in so far as the savage is ignorant and degraded, so is he brutal in this respect. It is reserved for civilised Christians to tend the sick, however hopeless and incurable their infirmity may be, and thus to prolong a diseased life to the utmost. One result of this is that sickly children which are reared with difficulty, never attaining full health, and persons of debilitated constitution who have been just saved from death, frequently become in time the progenitors of offspring which start in life with still more impoverished power, or an inherited taint. Thus the supply of sick is kept up, and since those suffering from sickness have their thread of life spun out to the last inch, the presence of a vast body of disease marks, as things are now, the most highly civilised, sympathetic, and scientifically protected society. It is true that in a perfect earthly social state, where those diseased in body exercised severe self-restraint, and where the laws of hygiene were universally known and followed, we might expect disease to disappear, and man to suffer only from natural decay till death arrived. But though such a state is conceivable and possible—involving no supernatural processes—our present condition, moral and physical, is grievously beneath it. Ignorance, carelessness, self-indulgence, and quackery combine to provide a great multitude of impotent folk, halt, blind, lame, and sick, with some of whom all readers of this paper are more or less concerned, at one time or another, even if they do not know sickness in their own persons.

I suppose that sickness has somewhere been more or less clearly and scientifically defined. Let us, however, try to realise what it is or involves before we enter on a few general considerations about its treatment. What we call sickness comes from the failure of some natural power, or the disturbance of one or more of those manifold processes whereby the body is renewed and we unconsciously perform the function of life. A man in full health breathes, moves, and digests his food without thinking of his lungs, limbs, and stomach. Then from a blow, or shock, from excess in eating or drinking, from the undue strain or indulgence of some sense or appetite, from chill, from contact with some germ of mischief which acts as yeast in the material of his fabric, he suddenly or slowly finds one or more of his powers fail. Hence their balance is disturbed, or they are all thrown into confusion. Defect in one mostly puts the machinery of his life out of gear, and the man himself is sick. If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. Now it is impossible altogether to avoid what we call accidents. They may come to the most careful; or we may be called to discharge duties which expose us to inevitable risks; some, too, unhappily, inherit evil in their constitution. But in regard to that sickness into which a healthy man may fall, almost every one could escape it by such precaution and moderation as come from the right use of practical social science. A man falls sick because he eats and drinks too much, or otherwise wilfully over-indulges his appetite; because he carelessly exposes himself to contagion; because, being heated, he sits in a cold draught when he might move out of it; because he goes abroad in rainy weather without his cape or umbrella; because he needlessly stands about in the wet; because he keeps his windows shut; because he neglects his drains and water-supply; because he over-exerts himself at work or play; because he does not take exercise enough. Most sickness can be prevented by common sense, ordinary care, and especially self-

restraint. Men shrink and disappear before their time, not because they are struck in the discharge of duty, not because they pursue some high aim which exhausts their powers, but because they won't learn the laws of health, and are too fond of pleasure. They are smitten, and die ignobly, being stupid and sensual. We hear of thousands being maimed or suddenly swept into death by war, and shudder as we turn over the newspaper, sitting safely by the fire. Meanwhile we may be exposing ourselves to the petty but continuous fusillade and creeping march of peaceful mischief and self-indulgence which crumbles away our defences till, without any victory of life, we sicken and go to bed. Then we may surround the remainder of our little course with physic, teaspoons, night-lights, and beef-tea; the end being worthy of the beginning and the middle. That same state of minute and sensitive civilisation which rears the sickly child to be eventually the parent of debilitated offspring, and protracts the life of the diseased to its utmost limit, is characterised by manifold provision for self-indulgence, more attractive than the knowledge we may have attained concerning the laws of health. This might be used with incalculable benefit to ourselves and the community, but it is more applied to correct the effects of mischief than to realise its presence and anticipate its influence. Many discoveries of a soft and curious age point chiefly to means whereby ease may be promoted and pain relieved. The minutiae of life are elaborately cared for, and it is easier and pleasanter to employ the opportunities thus afforded for padding our chairs and seasoning our meats, than in learning to perceive how the causes of disease may be determined and its approach barred. Still I repeat that though there are inevitable and exceptional strains upon human power which drag some down before their time as they toil in the front rank, there is enough practical social science afloat and accessible to protect most healthy men of ordinary intelligence from sickness.

Suppose, however, from whatever cause, sickness to have come. How may it best be met? The first demand of the sufferer is for quietness and rest. These are, indeed, hard to be had in some houses. The rich man can command silent-footed attendants, a hushed room, and a littered street. To the poor man, in cities at least, all these are well-nigh impossible. Especially is he in a sore strait when he and his family inhabit only part of a small dwelling, with its accompaniments of noisy wooden stairs, thin walls, thick-shod neighbours, contiguous loud conversation, crying babies, the close inevitable clatter of meal-times, and the double daily return of lively children from school. I do not know what is to be said, except that he may find more rest and quietness in an infirmary or hospital—of which somewhat presently—than in his own home.

I would rather now say a word about those who live in better houses and remain in them when sick. Probably some of these sufferers are less able to bear domestic and street noises than a man who has really never known what home-quiet is since he was born, and has daily had his ears assailed with the din of work. And there should thus be special care taken to let these suffering people have rest when they are ill, since it is possible to secure it for them. The disquietude that harms a sick man is, however, something more than such as comes from loud voices, creaking shoes, falling chairs, clattering fire-irons, and slammed doors. An attendant softly shod, still

of speech, and cautious in movement, may yet mar the sufferer's rest by quiet fuss. There is a peeping, whispering, nodding, pottering sort of carriage, which intensely irritates many that are worn with weakness and pain. A natural, calm, and yet decisive manner befits those who wait upon the sick. This best induces such tranquillity as the patient is capable of feeling. This encourages nature, which wants to be helped, not superseded or worried. We should cherish the shrunken fire of life, and not battle too vehemently against the disease. Nature is doing what it can, and must be aided, not disturbed. If those about the sufferer realise this and bear it well in mind, their ministrations will most effectually produce and promote that rest and quiet which he needs.

Besides quietude, cleanliness is of chief importance. I do not mean merely the washing of the flesh and the cleansing of the floor, but the assiduous removal of everything that is unclean from the room. I have known quiet chambers, where the friends were anxious to tend the patient well, remain half-poisoned by neglect of this constant attention. Some seem to think that a sick-room must inevitably be ill-savoured, or that the harm of its bad smells may be neutralised by incense and perfume. This is only the sweetening, not the removal of an evil. If people, however, would believe that the mischief of stale and tainted air is best hindered by the free introduction of fresh, they would render the patient incalculable service. Never wholly close his windows. He can be kept warm enough in bed, and is by no means likely to catch cold there. If ventilation is needed anywhere, it is most needed in a sick-room. Though much must necessarily be left to the doctor, the attendants on a sufferer will most surely promote his recovery by steady attention to these three things—quietude, cleanliness, and a supply of fresh air.

A word on hospitals. They are of great value, especially in cases where surgical treatment is needed, or where a home is so poor and cramped that ordinarily decent attention cannot be secured. This is the more needful where a malady is infectious and demands the isolation of the sufferer. But since hospitals are quite as much schools for the student as havens for the sick, they obviously suffer from serious drawbacks on their usefulness. The continuous concentration of perhaps hundreds of diseased people under one roof must in time affect the floors and walls, and injure the air within the building. With the best care the atmosphere of some hospitals is always pungently or faintly unpleasant, if not even so mischievous as in divers cases to retard the recovery of the patient. We have lately heard much about the potency of germs invisible to the naked eye, and how they exist everywhere except perhaps in some high clean alpine atmosphere. What might not be discovered in an old hospital! The matter is indeed a serious one.

Besides the unseen microscopic particles and subtle influences which taint the air breathed by hospital patients, some of them inevitably suffer from being made the subjects of instruction to a crowd of students, under whose open eyes their sores and symptoms are displayed, inspected, and described. Divers indeed like this; it seems to make them of importance, particularly if their condition be anyways exceptionally interesting to the scientific inquirer; and, moreover, it suggests the notion of much con-

centrated sympathy. But to many men, and more especially women, this public prying into the privacy of their sufferings is keenly distressing, though they may make no complaint or remonstrance at the time. It is accepted as inevitable, however unpleasant or even repulsive. Then, again, hospital patients cannot but suffer from the death, perhaps an agonising and prolonged one, of an inmate of the same ward. It is impossible for a man to die slowly, maybe with cries and struggles, within a couple of yards of a sick prisoner in bed, without a strain upon his powers. Moreover, the sudden bringing-in of fresh "cases," perhaps the result of a severe accident, and the busy though silent crowding around them of doctors and nurses, must needs go far to disturb that calm which some sufferers sorely require. In concluding what I have to remark about hospitals, I do not wish to say anything further which may seem to detract from their manifold utility, except that their excessive use by outdoor patients must hinder the needful diagnosis of many a case. What doctor, though he have his eyes, ears, and fingers trained by the habit of rapidity, can possibly realise the condition of every sick person in a long train of applicants when, sometimes, he cannot give more than a minute's attention to each, if so much? I am sure that it would be a good thing if the crowd of comers were thinned by the imposition of some small payment. Many people, armed with quart bottles and greasy corks, who selfishly besiege the hospital and take up the precious time of the physician, are served right in being sent away with only something nasty to drink. Let those who would forward practical social science in connection with sickness, especially that phase of it which concerns and cumber our great hospitals, do their best to promote provident dispensaries.

But I must have done with sickness. In saying a few words about death and burial, I need hardly remark that here I do not enter into or even touch the spiritual considerations which attend the departure of a soul. I am treating of the sequences of sickness in only their physical or bodily aspects. Frequently these are not fitly considered. The sorrow at the loss of the departed, the solemn circumstances of his or her decease, the religious concerns which may then be prominently importunate, sometimes hinder our due perception of what is involved in the presence of a corpse. Then too often the prudence and common sense of a family is upset, and sometimes seems to be dissipated. No one likes to say or do or order what in quieter moods they would approve, and what in the case of another household they would admire. The body must be buried, and it had better be buried as soon as is consistent with decency. But many shrink from realising the limits of what is decent in this matter. They think it somehow disrespectful to the memory of the dead to do anything which might anyhow seem like hurrying his remains under the ground. Thus in some cases, and often most especially in those families where the preparation of the "mourning" is retarded by narrow means, the dead body is kept in the house far longer than is seemly or safe. This mischief is indeed occasionally hindered by its removal to the undertaker's, but too often when the day of burial comes the mourners are repulsively reminded of the conditions of corruption, which thrust themselves into the last thoughts about the departed. Even when the funeral is not delayed, it is best soon to remove the corpse

from the presence of the living, and the increased provision of decent mortuaries would enable many to do this who now fail to make use of these buildings. But the best mortuary is the grave.

It is, however, in respect to the fashion of "interments" that we eminently need the spread of practical social science. Much has lately been done in the way of funeral reform. Many have better realised the meaning of "earth to earth." The eventually hopeless protest which is made against the natural and inevitable change by leaden coffins and brick vaults is becoming stronger. The idea of this isolated preservation rests, no doubt, upon a vague reverent desire to prolong the protection of the dead from the consequences of death. There is thought to be something desecrating in the contact of the worm. But if anything exposes the remains of mortality to possible irreverence, disturbance, or "desecration," it is the leaden coffin and the vault. Any one who has had to do with the removal of "bodies" from, say, a city churchyard, might bear testimony to the truth of what I say. The crowding of "intramural" burial-grounds, and the adding to a huge dead congregation under the floor of the building in which a living one meets, has now for more than a quarter of a century been discontinued; but the practice, though productive of fees, was not in accordance with practical social science, and still occasionally produces ghastly witness against the belief that lead and brick serve to keep the remains of the departed untouched. If we would have our dead body to rest in peace, it should be laid as directly as possible in the lap of mother earth. Your pyramid or mighty tomb most surely invites intrusion and displacement in the end. Do not build a sepulchre for your dead if you wish them to be undisturbed. Much as the antiquary enjoys the research which adds to the store of historically interesting sepulchral ornament and custom in our records and museums, there is something pathetic in the thought of disinterring even those who may have lain untouched for ages in the nameless mound. There is certainly a long gap between the circle of primæval mourners who laid the hero down with spear, and ring, and costly offering, while the wild and bitter death-wail went up from their midst, and the chattering picnic when the smart company and the curious collectors gather round the barrow on the windy downs and dig him up. But if you wish the remains of your departed kin to sleep in peace, lay them in the earth itself, and let your most material offerings be sweet but perishable flowers.

A word on the pomp and cost of funerals. This last is in some cases outrageously excessive, and with almost all poor people in cities far too high. An ordinary "economical" burial costs about £4—i.e., say, the month's income of a labourer as distinguished from an artisan; and this does not include mourning expenses, or any accidental domestic outlay on the occasion. It is true that poor people help one another, especially in this matter, and provision for it is made by burial clubs, but in cities the cost incurred by a death in the family is frequently out of all due proportion to its means. The sense, too, of extraordinary expenditure at such a time tends to let loose the spirit of indulgence, which often takes the shape of excess in drink. It may be beyond the household's power to provide "funeral baked meats," but gin and beer are to be got round the corner, and the result is often the very reverse of funereal. The family yields to the spirit of exceptional outlay for a

few hours, to wake up and find its means seriously crippled. The dead man is not thereby really honoured, nor his memory made sweet. On the contrary, those who have to do with the needy not unfrequently hear subsequent reference made to the cost of a burial in a tone which almost seems to throw the responsibility of it on the departed. Let those who would promote practical social science do their best to protest against the false shame which shrinks from economy in funerals.

The commonplace pomp of "obsequies" of a somewhat more expensive sort has in it an element which is lugubriously grotesque. Dickens has levelled his kindly scorn at the crutch in mourning held by an attendant at the door, and likened the hat with its black hanging band to an "African baby" in long clothes. But the matter is a melancholy one. All honour to the orderer of a funeral who dares to resent its conventionally dismal display, and lets his reputation of respect for the man who is dead challenge any such criticisms on the order and economy of his burial. The undertaker may call him shabby for declining scarves, weepers, cloaks, and plumes, but all those whose opinion is worth having think him a sensible man, and are obliged to him for the example he sets.

WILLIAM SPOTTISWOODE,

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

WILLIAM SPOTTISWOODE, the President of the British Association for the present year, was born in London, on January 11th, 1825. His early schooldays were chiefly passed at Laleham, at a school kept by Mr. Buckland, a brother of the well-known geologist, where the discipline was of a severity unknown at the present day. After a short period spent at Eton, he was transferred to Harrow, which was then under the head-mastership of Dr. Wordsworth, the present Bishop of Lincoln. The use made of his three years at Harrow is attested by his having there gained the Lyons Scholarship.

Mr. Spottiswoode's mathematical abilities were, however, first drawn out at Balliol College, Oxford, where Mr. Temple (now Bishop of Exeter) was mathematical tutor, and they were subsequently further developed under Professor Price. In 1845, at the end of the usual course, he took a first-class in mathematics, and afterwards successively the Junior and the Senior University Mathematical Scholarships, in 1846 and 1847. In the following year he was elected Examiner in the Mathematical Schools.

After leaving Oxford he immediately undertook the working management of the business of Queen's Printer, about this time relinquished to him by his father, Mr. Andrew Spottiswoode. This business was largely developed under his management; but he nevertheless found time to act as Examiner in the earliest Civil Service Examinations, and in the Examinations of the Middle Class Corporation Schools. He had also the opportunity of making two foreign journeys beyond the track of ordinary tourists: the first, in 1856, through Eastern Russia and the Ural Mountains as far as Astrakhan, of which he published an account under the title of "A Tarantasse Journey through Eastern Russia;" the other, in 1858, as far as Tabriz, returning by the Caucasus and the Crimea

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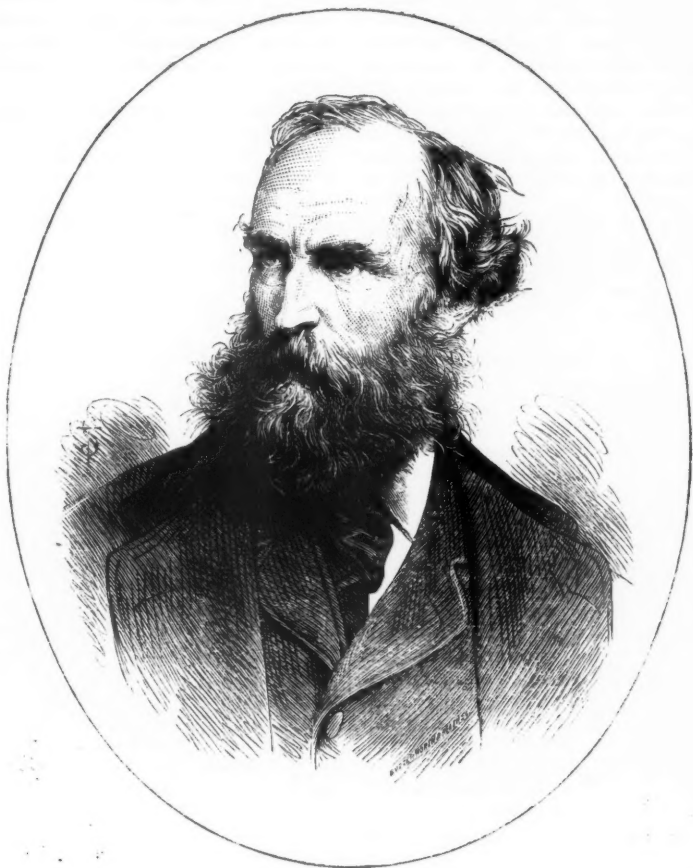
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With the view of aiding travellers by the light of science, he, about this time, wrote a paper on "A method of determining longitude by means of observations on the moon's greatest altitude," which was published in the Astronomical Society's Memoirs and the Geological Society's Proceedings, in 1861.

lation of the astronomical system of the Hindoos into the language of modern mathematics. ("Asiatic Society's Journal," xx., 1863.)

His researches for some time after this were chiefly in pure mathematics, and he frequently contributed to the various scientific journals, both English and



From a Photograph by the "Van der Weyde Light."

Spottiswoode
W. Spottiswoode

During this period he was able to take up again a line of study which had attracted him even in boyish years; viz., that of Oriental languages. Having made himself a good Sanskrit scholar, he combined the two courses of learning which he had hitherto chiefly prosecuted, and wrote an important paper "On the Sūrya Siddhānta, and the Hindoo Method of calculating Eclipses," which was in effect a trans-

foreign, including the "Philosophical Transactions." A long list might be made of these papers, but the mere names of them would have little interest. However, though treating of a region far removed from life, they were not without a view to ultimate practical results. Mr. Spottiswoode's firm conviction of the utility of even the most abstract mathematical researches was expressed in the following terms in his

address as President of the Mathematical Section of the British Association in 1865.

"The greatest acquisition," he says, "to modern analysis is what is now generally termed the New Algebra. This calculus, which originated in this country . . . has, during the last few years, found numerous cultivators both among ourselves and on the Continent. The main problem proposed for solution is the investigation of the properties of rational homogeneous algebraical functions of any number of variables, the forms to which they are capable of being reduced, the subsidiary expressions to which they give rise or with which they may be associated, and the bearing of the latter upon the former. Investigations so general, so abstract, and so apparently removed from any practical application, could not fail to be regarded coldly by many whose attention had been principally directed to special problems in physics. . . . The promoters, however, of this science, sure of their footing, and confident that nothing which could lead to results of such a remarkable character or of such great generality, would in the end prove useless or unmeaning in the interpretation of nature, pursued their investigations; and a very short time has justified their firmness, by witnessing the New Algebra reaching out and indissolubly connecting itself each year with fresh branches of mathematics. The theory of equations has become almost new through it, algebraic geometry has been transfigured in its light, and the calculus of variations, molecular physics and mechanics, have all felt its influence."

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Spottiswoode has himself been gradually drawn into the region of physics; and in 1874 he published a small work on "The Polarisation of Light" in the "Nature Series," which has done something to spread a popular knowledge of the subject.

From 1875 to 1878 he has published at intervals in the Royal Society's Proceedings a series of papers relating to his experiments on stratified electrical discharges through rarefied gases. These experiments he is still continuing, and some of the results at which he has already arrived have been from time to time exhibited to the Friday evening audiences at the Royal Institution.

Mr. Spottiswoode is a member of all the English scientific societies, and a corresponding member of the Institute of France. He was appointed treasurer of the Royal Institution in 1865 and secretary in 1873. In 1871 he also became treasurer of the Royal Society, and he is nominated to succeed Sir Joseph Hooker as President at the end of the present year. The University of Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in 1871, and the University of Oxford that of D.C.L. in 1878.

We must add a few words on matters that may interest some of our readers more than the President's mathematical honours.

The name of the firm "Eyre and Spottiswoode" is familiar on our Bibles and Prayer-books and elsewhere, as the Queen's Printers. There is another great printing house—"Spottiswoode and Co."—at the head of which is George Andrew Spottiswoode, a younger brother. The two firms are quite distinct, but it is pleasant to state that in few establishments is more done for the best welfare of those employed. In each firm there are between six and seven hundred persons at work. By arrangement of the brothers, a clergyman is appointed to labour among the men and boys in both establishments. He holds

services in Trinity Church, Gough Square, and has classes for the boys in rooms rented by the firms, who also pay a schoolmaster. It is not "all work," however, either with men or boys, in their relations with the Spottiswoodes as their masters. Many institutions for healthful recreation as well as mental improvement are connected with the firms, either set on foot and supported, or encouraged by those at their head—such as a library, a rowing and cricket club, a choral society, and a volunteer corps. Any one who has been present at one of the annual excursions of "Spottiswoode's people" will know how the efforts of the masters for the good of their men are appreciated.

William Spottiswoode married, in 1861, a daughter of the late William Urquhart Arbuthnot, member of the Council of India. His country residence is Combe Bank, Sundridge, near Sevenoaks, formerly in the possession of the Argyll family, the Duke sitting in the House of Lords as Baron Sundridge.

A VISIT TO THE VALLEY OF THE AHR.

THE Rhine is almost as well known to the average English tourist as any part of Great Britain, and a great deal better than the sister isle; but besides the highway formed by the majestic main river itself, there are numerous by-ways in the shape of tributaries, many of them equal, if not superior, in picturesqueness to the famous river itself, and yet almost unknown to the majority of travellers. This remark applies more to the western than to the eastern tributaries of the Rhine; and among the most attractive, and at the same time most neglected districts, the valley of the Ahr stands foremost.

One of the reasons why this fine valley has hitherto been almost ignored by the British tourist is its comparative seclusion from the iron roads of communication. To him who cares for scenery, and at the same time likes to see a little of the manners and customs of the people untinged by the common humdrum of "culture," this very seclusion must render the spot all the more interesting. In point of fact, among Germans it is a very popular resort for foot tourists, and chiefly for students of Universities, and for peripatetic scientists, such as geologists and mineralogists, who find in the structure of the soil as well as in the topographical configuration a most grateful subject for their studies and researches. But it is not for the *savant* alone that the valley of the Ahr proves an attraction; its splendid scenery, together with the healthful climate, fit it especially for a place to be visited by those who, from year's end to year's end, see little else but bricks and mortar before them all the day long, and breathe nothing but an atmosphere impregnated with the smoke of coal.

It will not be long before the Ahr valley will be accessible to all tourists by a railway connected with Metz on one side, and with the Rhine valley on the other. But even at this day it is not difficult to get to the Ahr from almost any point of the Rhine or Mosel by the popular mail-coach known as Eilwagen, or by private vehicles to be found at every adjoining railway-station in great abundance. Those endowed with a vigorous pair of legs had best resort to that

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most inexpensive of all means of locomotion well known as the cobbler's pony. Whatever approach the tourist may select, be it from Cologne to Müns-tereifel; from Aix-la-Chapelle to Schleiden; from Trèves to Stadtkyll and Blankenheim; or by the chief route *via* Cologne and Bonn to Remagen, he is sure to be repaid by what he will see in the Ahr valley.

The Ahr river is a tributary of the Rhine, which it joins between Remagen and Sinzig. Both these places were originally Roman settlements; and at Sinzig Constantine the Great is supposed to have had the vision which beckoned him on to embrace Christianity with the words *In hoc signo vinces*. Remagen, the Rigomagus of Ammianus, is proved to be of Roman origin by the numerous ruins found in the neighbourhood about eighty years ago, when the fine road along the Rhine from Coblenz to Bonn was made. The Apollinaris church, prettily situated on St. Apollinaris Hill, just outside the town, is well worth a visit; it is one of the most remarkable works of art in the Rhenish provinces. The paintings in the interior are the most celebrated and finest performances which the religious inclination of the Dusseldorf artists, inspired by the noble Italian school of art, has produced. Leaving the Apollinarisberg to the right, a footpath ascends to the lofty mountains, leading to Heppingen or Landskron, into the Ahr valley. From the highest point a most magnificent view is obtained of the whole valley of the Rhine, which extends for many miles on the opposite side of the river, where, under the shelter of vine-clad slate rocks, many pretty towns and villages are situated. To the left a splendid view is afforded of the Seven Mountains, with the gigantic Drachenfels and Rolandseck.

The high road, bordered with fruit-trees, leads along the left bank of the Ahr, through the villages of Bodendorf and Lohrsdorf to the Landskron. It is said that Philip von Hohenstaufen, encamping near Sinzig, rode one day to the top of this mountain, and, charmed with its beauty, he exclaimed, "This is the crown of the country." He built a castle on its summit in 1206, to subdue the archbishopric of Cologne. The castle chapel, built close against the rocky wall, has been preserved; and adjoining it are the ruins of the former lower castle, almost resembling a tower. There are many legends connected with it told by the village people. The view from this noble watch-tower is very grand; it comprehends both the Rhine and the Ahr. On the west it takes in the rich valley of the lower Ahr; to the right, fine vineyards extend to the distant hills of Walporzheim, which close in the valley; to the left it is terminated by a more wooded range, from which the basalt summit of the Neuenahr greets us. In the midst of these hills, but more distant, in a valley covered with cornfields, the sparkling Ahr, partially concealed by underwood, glances in various windings through its bed, which is in some places wide, in others very narrow. Glancing backwards over the low wooded range, we overlook the valley of the Rhine below the Seven Mountains, enclosed in a direct line by the basalt crest near Linz, to the south by the volcanic mountains of the Eiffel. On the foot of the Landskron lies Heppingen, from which place a few minutes' walk leads to the Apollinaris Spring, an effervescent mineral water, which of late years has been largely imported into England and other countries. Dr. James Miller, Professor of Surgery at the University of Edinburgh, who resided

close by, at Neuenahr, in 1860, and visited often the Apollinaris-brunnen, says, in his pamphlet, "Neuenahr, a New Spa on the Rhine," "The Apollinaris-brunnen is a selzer, very similar to the famous brunnen of Nassau."

The Apollinaris Spring was only discovered in recent years by the owner of the vineyard, Herr Kreuzberg, who could not account for the destruction of his vines at a certain spot. In 1857, as he was digging up the root of what he supposed the diseased vines, he found the soil strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas. On consulting a celebrated geologist and chemist, Professor Bishoff, of Bonn, he found that such exhalations could only proceed from a mineral spring. He then commenced digging, and after arriving at a depth of forty feet discovered the now famous spring. It is said that in 1875 six millions of bottles of Apollinaris Water were shipped to England.

On the opposite side of the Ahr, within a few minutes' drive of the Apollinaris Spring, is Bad-Neuenahr, a place to which visitors from all parts of the world resort to partake of its healing waters.

Neuenahr Spa is about an hour's journey by carriage from Remagen and Sinzig, but the railway now in course of construction will bring the visitor there in very short time. It is situated at the foot of a basalt hill of about 1,000 feet high, and the picturesque valley around has about two miles in length and one mile in width. There are green meadows, hills covered all over with vines, and pretty villages scattered about the landscape, yet this very landscape has such a close demarcation that all that is in it remains perceptible to the unaided eye. In the foreground the Ahr twists its serpentine course through fruitful fields, limited by the plateau of the country. In the background of the picture there is the woody basalt hill of Neuenahr, as shown in our engraving. In the west the majestic mountain summits of Walporzheim are close to the valley; in the east the Landskron, 856 feet high, with its steep declivity, looms in the distance.

The place is so well sheltered by this aggregation of hills that no north wind and no sharp current of air ever finds access there; yet the air undergoes a most efficient ventilation through the river, and in consequence of this the climate is exceedingly mild, and the temperature is but little subjected to sudden changes. Cold nights after a hot day are exceedingly scarce, and summer evenings may be spent in the open without the slightest fear of catching colds. Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, speaks of Neuenahr with perfect enthusiasm. "There is no fog and no mist to be found here in the morning or night; there are no gusts of wind, no currents of air, and no sudden changes in the weather. A glance at the position of the place shows clearly how favourably the climate must act on one's health."

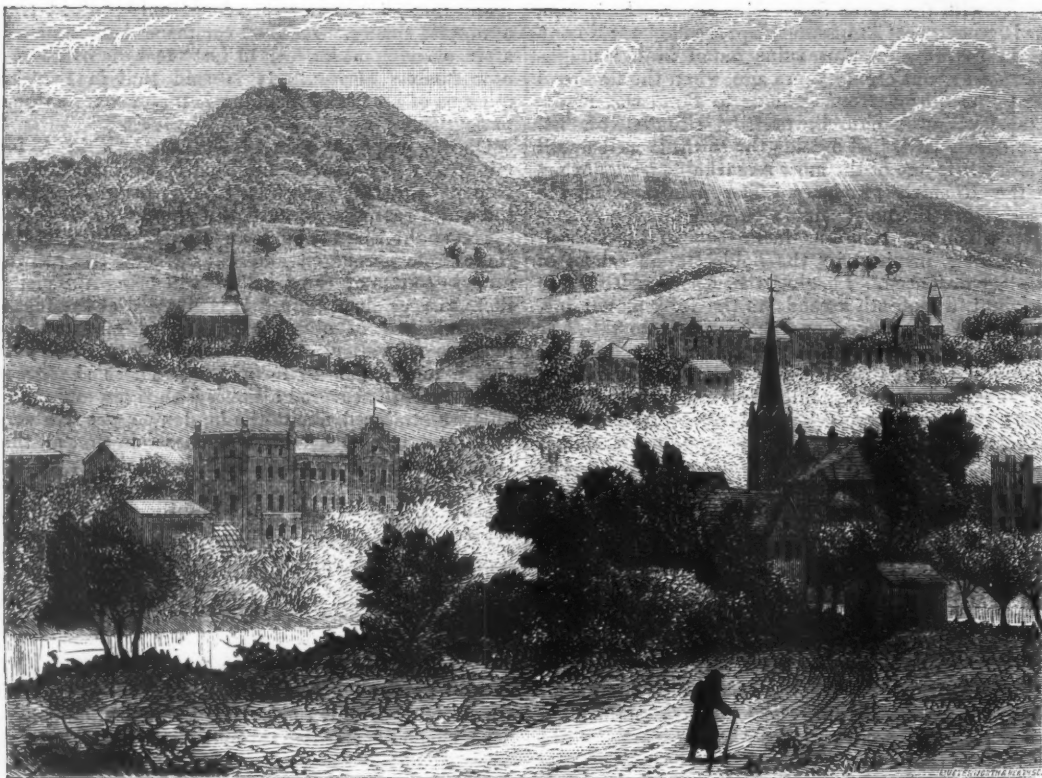
Owing to the very healthy climate, such discomforts as arise from pulmonary affections or from chronic chest diseases are all but unknown to the medical men who practise among the inhabitants of this valley. At Neuenahr especially all the drinking fountains possess an admixture of the mineral ingredients of the new *terme*, which greatly contributes to the health of the inhabitants and visitors.

All along the hillside, called Hochstrasse, there are large and comfortable residences for the benefit of health-seekers; and let not English people imagine

that the comforts they enjoy at home are not to be found in such a secluded place. Here is also a Protestant Church, over which an evangelical pastor presides. Delightful excursions may be made to beautiful spots in the neighbourhood.

The road from Neuenahr leads through meadows and vineyards to Ahrweiler. The old dark walls round the town and its grey gate towers, built of the slate-stone of the neighbourhood, have been well preserved. The view up the stream is charming.

little town; an extraordinary perpendicular rock rises straight up from the road, which, at a short distance, bears a striking resemblance to the head of an animal, from which circumstance it gives rise to many wild legends. The people call this rock "Die bunte Kuh"—the spotted cow. At Dernau the river and the ravine grow wider. Farther on is Rech, with its ancient stone bridge, ornamented with a gorgeously-coloured statue of some local saint. The hills hereabouts are rounded at the summit, and slope



BAD-NEUENAH.ER.

The dark, high rocks, barren or clothed with gloomy fir-woods, close in the valley so completely that it appears marvellous how the river makes its way through. In the midst lies the dark Walporzheim, and beyond are its vine-clad slopes. Here for the first time the upper Ahr displays its wild romantic features, differing so widely from the smiling tranquillity of the lower valley.

The finest object near Ahrweiler is undoubtedly the convent of Kalvarienberg, situated upon the rocky projection of the opposite bank of the river, about a quarter of a mile from the town. Passing over the fine stone Ahr bridge, one gains the terrace by an easy ascent. The church with the convent used to attract numerous pilgrims from the Roman Catholic districts of the Rhine, as well as the surrounding neighbourhood.

About a mile from Ahrweiler is situated Walporzheim, celebrated for its wine. After passing this

gently down into the valley; but the river-bed soon contracts again, and at Maischoss is shut in by vast perpendicular walls of rock. The rocky cliffs now rise up more precipitously above the regular mountain range. The road runs through a tunnel near the Lochmühle, a picturesque water-mill, the wheel of which is turned from a subterranean canal, the work of condemned criminals, who executed it to save their lives. A small and lower ridge of hills has also been cut through, so that a rocky wall rises from the road on both sides to the height of forty feet. On emerging from this road one finds oneself in the pretty village of Altenahr.

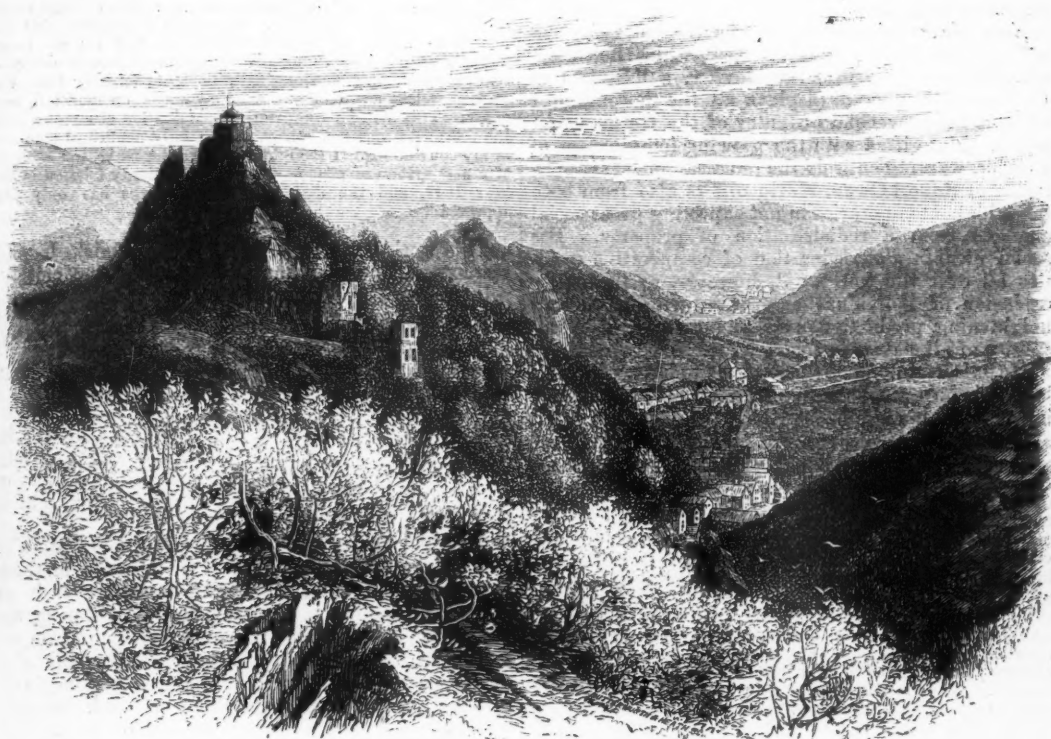
Our engraving shows the precipitous rocky mountain on which stands the ruined castle that formerly belonged to the Counts of Blankenheim and Manderstheid, with the latter of whom the "wild boars of the Ardennes" claimed kindred. A rocky path leads to the castle, which affords the most magnificent

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prospect in the Ahr valley. The precipitate descent into the deep vale, with the numerous windings of the stream between the widely-extended rocks, is a scene unique in Germany; and a charming termination is formed to this prospect by a glimpse into the upper part of the bed of the river, with the pretty little Castle of Kreuzberg rising on the opposite side of the stream in striking contrast with the dark cliffs of the Teufelskanzel and Teufelsloch. Another interesting view may be obtained from the white cross

the reigning counts. Below these, passes the road to Cologne, under many a leafy tree, through green meadows, which have taken the place of a broad lake, where once were reflected the towers of Gaspenburg. Westward is the little town, hemmed in on either side by mountains, and spreading down into the open space, while the hillsides, terraced up in gardens, bear witness to the industry of the inhabitants. A gentle slope forming the head of the valley makes up the backgrounds. One of the finest views



AHRTHAL—CASTLE OF KREUZBERG.

which stands in the midst of a jagged ridge of rocks. Seven times the meandering stream appears in glittering winding to one's eyes, as it traces its course through the broken fragments of the rocky ridge, crowned with gloomy pines and patches of tangled underwood. The neighbourhood of Altenahr is the finest in the valley of the Ahr, and very suitable for a halting-place for making excursions.

By taking a carriage at Altenahr to Adenau, about six miles, one may visit the Hohe Acht and Nürburg, and return the same evening from Adenau straight over the hills to Antweiler, and proceeding still again over the hills to Blankenheim, twenty miles. This picturesque little town nestles on the foot of rocky mountains. The full beauty of its situation can best be appreciated by those who first see it as they ascend the valley from Adenau. On the right stands the ruin of an old castle, as well as a more modern creation, formerly the seat of

of valley or town is from the rose-garden on the northern terrace of the castle.

In the upper part of the town we find the source of the Ahr. Here, under one of the lawns, in a vault rather more than a yard square, its four springs gush forth sparkling and bright, forming from the first a stream some feet in width. Flowing along the centre of the street, it reaches the fish-pond, and then immediately begins its cheerful course past some mills, until, augmented by tributary streams, it rushes in rapid torrents to the smelting-houses, which try its power. Though the course of the Ahr is on the whole to the east, yet, on account of the many obstacles encountered, it frequently flows southwards and even westwards. The direct measurement from the source to the juncture with the Rhine is only about forty-five miles, but on account of its many windings it measures fully double that length.

J. A.

UTOPIAS, OR SCHEMES OF SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

VII.—MARLO AND CO-OPERATIVE SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.

IN the same year in which Owen died another champion of co-operative Socialism passed away in Germany, less known as a social reformer, but no less worthy to be mentioned among the number of those who have produced important schemes of social improvement.

Karl Marlo (his real name was Winkelblech) was a Cassel professor; and his work, which he called, with characteristic breadth of view, a "System of Universal Economy," displays all the thoroughness without the proverbial pedantry of the German professor. Not gifted with the glowing imagination of Fourier, wanting entirely the practical business application of Robert Owen, Marlo differs also from both these his contemporaries in not expecting great social changes from a redistribution of property. His social ideal is a confederation of co-operative societies all over the world, not, however, to the entire exclusion of individual enterprise, with a view of heightening production, and so increasing the prosperity of all classes in society.

He tells us, in one of the prefaces to his work, what led to his own economic inquiries, and proved a turning-point in his intellectual life.

"In the year 1843 I travelled in northern Europe. Being engaged upon a technological work, I visited among others the well-known Norwegian indigo factory, at Modum, where the lovely environs so fascinated me that I prolonged my stay for several days. As one morning I was from a hill taking a view of the surrounding neighbourhood, which rivals the Alps in its mountain scenery, a German labourer, undoubtedly recognising in me a fellow-countryman, approached me with the petition to do some commission for him in the Fatherland. As I granted his request he became more communicative, and gave me a touching account of his own experience, and the life of penury to which both he and his fellow-labourers were condemned. What is the cause of this, I asked myself, that the paradise spread before me conceals so much hidden misery? Is nature, or man, their real author? Like many other students of nature I had always given my attention in the workshops of industry to the machinery rather than the human beings, to the products of human industry rather than the producers themselves. I remained therefore entirely ignorant of the vast amount of misery which lies at the foundation of our varnished civilisation. The convincing words of this labourer made me feel the comparative uselessness of my scientific investigations, and I arrived shortly at a determination in my own mind to investigate the sufferings of our race, their causes and their remedies. In the course of many years I continued my researches most conscientiously, and found the extent of prevailing misery far beyond what I was first led to expect. Poverty everywhere! Among wages labourers and those who undertake work on their own account, among nations in the highest as well as those in the lowest state of industrial advancement, in the large manufacturing towns, the capitals of labour, and centres of luxury, as well as in the hovels of villagers, in the salubrious plains of Belgium and Lombardy as in the barren mountain heights of Scandinavia; everywhere I met wretchedness and poverty. I discovered, moreover, that the causes of all this are not to be found in nature, but our institutions founded on false economic principles, and from this I concluded that in the rectification of these alone lies the only hope of recovery. I began to feel convinced that in the present modes of production the eradicating of poverty is impossible, that the utmost improvement in technical skill will by no means secure a diffusion of general prosperity; in short, that our civilisation is in such a stage of development that further progress will entirely depend on the progress of economic science,

and that the latter on this account is the most important of all sciences for the times. In the course of my investigations the doctrines of economists as well as the efforts of socialists were known to me in name only; for I avoided a closer acquaintance with them purposely in order to remain, as far as possible, entirely free from any external influences. It was only after I had arrived at my own conclusions, unaided, that I turned to the study of economic literature. From this I gathered that the results to which my own investigations had led me in all essential points, after numerous corrections (although not containing much that was original), departed entirely from the principles laid down in the existing works on political economy. This led to a comparative examination of my own with the prevailing views of others, which only confirmed me more in my convictions. I thought now I might make the attempt of a new system of economy. This accordingly I began in the year 1847, and the first half of my works has only just appeared."

This work was left at his death unfinished. In two extant volumes, containing about 2,000 closely-printed pages, we have Marlo's theory of Economic Science, together with a thoughtful and complete survey of previous systems, a scholarly account of historical development of society, as well as a critical review of socialistic literature from Plato's Republic to Cabet's "Voyage to Icaria." The practical or constructive portion of the work has been left, unfortunately, incomplete; but this does not prevent us having a very fair view of the author's aims of social reform, and the manner in which he sought to effect them.

What strikes us as the most remarkable feature of his social philosophy is the utter absence of those fantastic pictures of impossible societies, such as the reader has become familiarised with during the perusal of some of the previous papers. Here we feel ourselves no longer surrounded by the airy phantoms of an Utopian dreamland, but begin to breathe the serener atmosphere of calm thought and to tread upon the sure ground of ascertained facts. Marlo is not without his errors and shortcomings, but his judgment is rarely led captive by his imagination, nor are his conclusions affected by generous sympathies; whilst he is never wanting in the enthusiasm of humanity, and the aspirings after a high social ideal, he never loses sight of the actual condition of things, but takes human nature as he finds it in his attempt to improve mankind.

The state of society in Germany was no better than what we saw to have been that of England and France at the same period. In some respects it was worse. "A country of divided interests, rent by dissensions, slow in development, wanting in national independence, in its impotence and infatuation calling itself the land of thought, and yet importing the principles of social organisation from without, imitative and not creative, inspiring the patriots with sorrow and shame."

In no country had the systems of monopoly and stereotyped class distinctions been perpetuated so long and so painfully as there; nowhere had the grinding power of the upper classes, pressing down upon the lower strata of society, been felt so acutely.

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Attempts had been made to remove the incubus of feudalism in the time of the Reformation, when men like Müntzer endeavoured practically to carry out the theories of More's Utopia, but all such attempts had failed.

Joseph II, influenced by the revolutionary ideas of the eighteenth century, made a futile attempt to introduce social reforms. Prussia created a free peasantry, and liberated the soil from feudal burdens. At a later period, freedom of trade and relaxation of the rigid regulations of the guild system followed upon this wise measure of legislative reform. With all this came, as in other countries, wealth and the growth of industry; but with it, too, an unequal distribution of property, a wide gulf between rich and poor, and all these social evils and antagonisms which, aggravated by reactionary legislation and ruinous military systems later on, made Socialism the formidable power we find it to be now in that country.

Ten years before Marlo published his book, the German historian had complained that the factory system had a deleterious influence on the morals of the country, and the anxiety to get rich had produced most baneful effects in all classes of society. "The cares of subsistence are the slow-killing poison emasculating our nation."

The monopolies of the aristocracy, indeed, disappeared to some extent, but in their place came the monopoly of the plutocracy, according to Marlo. But the great movement of social progress is towards panpolism (all having equal rights to development), and therefore the power of this new usurper must be broken, and everybody must be put into a position of approximate competency and affluence. "The heathenish principle of economy grants to the few enjoyment at the expense of the many; Christian principle demands a moral regard for those natural conditions which ensure general prosperity, with a view to effect the highest possible happiness for all in due proportion." The heathenish principle prevailed in the social order of our forefathers. The society of the future, founded on federal principles, utilises what is good in existing institutions, and retains even mediæval modes of organisation where it is desirable, but its general aim and purpose is to organise labour all over the world on the basis of co-operation.

No attempts are to be made to disannul the rights of private property, nor forcibly to abolish private enterprise. On the principle that constitutions are not made, but grow, Marlo leaves the future prevalence of the association to natural development, excepting in the case of agriculture, where he requires the State to make co-operation compulsory. To mitigate the evils of pauperism, he suggests compulsory life insurance. To remove the abuses of speculation and commercial dishonesty, he, with other socialists, recommends the State to become the general negotiator for all commercial transactions; and with a view to consolidate the position of the working classes and assist them in organising themselves into co-operative companies to withstand the encroachments of capitalists, he is inclined to return to the protective systems and guild restrictions of a past age. For these latter suggestions Marlo's ideas are rather retrogressive than progressive. But considering the times he lived in, and the society by which he was surrounded, we have reason to wonder rather at his power of raising himself to the higher standpoint he maintains as a social reformer, than at his occasional

lapses into the modes of thought prevalent during that reactionary period when men, tired of the agitation produced by the revolutions, threw themselves helplessly into the arms of despotism.

The chief merit of Marlo consists in his elaboration of a complete system of co-operation on a scientific basis, at a time when Fourier's scheme had become ridiculous, and the early efforts of English co-operation had apparently remained unknown in Germany. What Marlo expects from his system is a mode of production in which all engaged have an interest, as they all share in the profits, and the invidious distinctions between master and servant, between employer and employed, disappear altogether, or dwindle into insignificance. Wages labourers would here become masters in a certain sense. They would be members of a co-operative society (not co-operative in consumption only, but in production also), amenable to constitutional laws framed by its members. This he thought was destined ultimately to extend over the whole domain of industry, a system at once more practical and founded on a better scientific basis than the society Communism of Fourier. Thus he hoped the dependent degradation of the masses would gradually disappear, and with it the existing class antagonism. An equable distribution of labour and profit would engender general goodwill among all engaged in the industrial process, and supervision of labour become unnecessary; the evils of sudden extension and contraction of certain branches of trade would be mitigated, and the bad results of unlicensed competition would entirely disappear. The use of machinery and other technical appliances would cease from exercising a baneful influence on the mechanics, who, in their corporate condition, would be able to avail themselves, as large capitalists do now, of the benefits of modern discoveries. The creation and preservation of capital would be facilitated as association would render savings compulsory and prevent enormous waste in private consumption and the cost of labour. The individual struggles, the care and worry in the social beehive, could be reduced to a minimum, and the solidity of interests among the different members of the association would call forth a kindly spirit of mutual toleration, and even affection, and the whole process of industry in all its branches would assume a milder and more gentle aspect, and make at last even "drudgery divine."

Marlo does not omit pointing out some of the drawbacks and disadvantages of the system; still, upon the whole, he sees in the triumph of federalism the final goal of our present society, and in the mutual conflict and defeat of the advocates of political liberty and social equality, the liberals and the communists, he foresees victory of co-operative principles. Communism would destroy liberty; liberty without protection of the weak against the strong would fail to bring about a comparative equality. Co-operation combines these two elements which are now mutually destructive in affording liberty and equality alike, by means of free combination and equal rights among all members of the co-operative associations.

Marlo died in obscurity, and his work is only now beginning to be studied even in Germany. It contains many warnings and prophecies which have since been but too literally fulfilled; but it also contains hopes and prospects for the human race which are slowly being realised. Marlo, as the German co-operative philosopher, deserves an honoured

place by the side of Owen, the practical "English apostle of co-operation." The two men were ignorant of each other, working in the same field, having the same object in view, guided by the same hope-star of ameliorating the condition of the people by means of co-operative institutions. The spirit of the age and the circumstances of the times produced in both the same modes of thought. Separated from each other by race, country, natural disposition, and mental characteristics, they yet discovered independently identical means for remedying social evils and reorganising society. Such coincidences are remarkable and deserve to be noticed; they teach us that a germ of truth underlies all socialistic attempts; that the social ideal, in one form or another, is to be found in the human mind itself; that the various modes of giving it shape and form, according to different circumstances, are the manifestations of the same tendency in all men to realise a social ideal. Men like Owen and Marlo, therefore, deserve well of their species for the honest expressions of such aspirations in the name of their fellow-men, and for their zealous and laborious work, whether it be in the field of speculative social philosophy or in the region of practical social reform. The faults of their systems, and the causes of their failure, it will be our duty to point out after concluding these brief historical notices. But notwithstanding much to criticise, their names deserve to be handed down to posterity among those who have been pioneers of social progress.

Varieties.

"TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD."—A Scottish correspondent at Eccles, Coldstream, referring to an anecdote of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Stuart, under the above title in our May part, says:—"Dr. Charles Stuart, of Dunearn, was a lineal descendant of 'the Regent,' and stood, at one time, third in succession to the earldom of Moray. He was a minister of the Church of Scotland (at Cramond, near Edinburgh), but gave up his charge from conscientious scruples, studied medicine, and took the degree of M.D. Having married a daughter of Dr. John Erskine, of Edinburgh, he thus became the relative, and was the friend and correspondent of Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen. James Stuart, of Dunearn, the eldest son of Dr. Stuart, as one of the parties in a once well-known duel, shot his opponent Sir Alexander Boswell, eldest son of 'Johnson's Boswell.' It is of little moment whether the interview referred to took place in Edinburgh, but Dr. Chalmers came to reside permanently in that city only in the year 1828. As both he and Dr. Stuart were correspondents of Mr. Erskine, the street-argument between them may have had reference to Erskine's views on the Atonement, with which, in some measure, Dr. Chalmers sympathised; and which were also very much, I believe, those of Dr. Stuart. Dr. Stuart, although now not known or remembered, was once well known and esteemed as a man of high intelligence and eminent character, who took an interest in all religious questions, and who was advanced and liberal in his opinions."

AUSTRALIAN SOVEREIGNS.—In the year 1877 the Sydney Mint coined 1,590,000 sovereigns, and the Melbourne Mint 1,487,000 sovereigns and 80,000 half-sovereigns. Since the opening of these two branches of the Royal Mint, in 1855 and 1872 respectively, there have been coined in them 47,620,500 sovereigns and 4,172,000 half-sovereigns. The Deputy Master of the Mint states in his report this year that the uniform accuracy of these coins, both as to weight and fineness, continues to be well maintained.

FRENCH PROSPECTS.—The words of M. Gambetta at the inauguration of the Exhibition in Paris are worthy of record, as pointing to the true strength of France. "This fête is sum-

marised in two words, Peace and Labour. Gentlemen, I now propose this toast of peace and labour in a club of which I am a member—a club founded more especially to direct the attention of political men, and also that of the public powers, towards the interests of that agriculture whose labourers and representatives constitute the living force of this country; of that agriculture which, as was said by one of the most illustrious of the statesmen who built up our country, is one of the two tests (mamelles) of France. Dear fellow-citizens, I feel a real and patriotic satisfaction in declaring before our guests, before the delegates of the entire world, that the reserve and strength of our future is to be found in our agricultural and rural populations. It is because we are a people of peasants, a people of labourers, a people of small proprietors, a saving people, because we rest upon universal suffrage, which is the law for all, that our country is able to weather all political storms, maintaining ever the great and fecund principle on which French society hinges—equality."

GERMAN REICHSTAG.—The Reichstag which was dissolved in June existed about nineteen months. The full legal duration is three years. The number of members is 397. Whenever there is a contest it is necessary for a valid election that one of the candidates shall obtain more than half the total number of votes polled. A single vote in excess of the half is sufficient. At the last election this decisive result was secured at once in 327 cases, with the following party distribution:—National Liberals, 102; Centre, 90; Conservatives, 34; Unionists or members of the German Imperial party, 30; Progressists, 25; Poles, 13; Social-Democrats, 10. The remaining 70 places had to abide the result of a second or "restricted" election, in which the choice of the electors was confined to the two candidates who had received the highest number of votes at the first election. In January, 1877, there were in all Germany 8,943,028 persons on the electoral lists as entitled to vote at the elections for the Reichstag. Of these 5,557,774 persons actually voted; 1,569,431 votes were given to the National Liberal candidates; 432,291 to the Progressist candidates; 149,128 to candidates of the other Liberal denominations; 1,092,644 to the candidates of the Centre or Ultramontane party; 540,103 to the Conservatives; 437,663 to Unionist candidates; while the Social-Democrat votes numbered 481,008, or nearly a ninth part of the whole number of votes polled.

THE POPULATION OF SCOTLAND.—The report on 1877, recently issued from the Registry Office of Births, etc., in Scotland, gives a table relating to density and proximity of population, and it is noticed that the table "shows that the whole population of Scotland could easily be so distributed as to stand upon the surface of a single square mile." The population is estimated at 3,593,929 in the middle of this year 1878.

COINS GOING OUT.—The year's Mint Report shows, as usual, no coinage of crowns. There has been no issue of crowns, we believe, since 1851, nor of groats or fourpenny-pieces (except for Maundy money) since 1856. Half-crowns shared the fate of crowns for some years after 1851, but in 1873 the Mint issued a circular to bankers, asking their opinion whether it would be for the public convenience that the florin, first coined in 1849, or that the half-crown should be the coin adopted, or that both should be in circulation; and about two-thirds of the answers received were in favour of having both in circulation. The coinage of half-crowns was thereupon resumed, and above four millions of them have been coined in the course of the last four years, and about as many florins also. The crown is a handsome coin, and the groat is sometimes convenient.

AMERICAN CATTLE.—The Treasury Department at Washington has published a report which has been recently received from Mr. Wilson, United States Consul at Hamburg, and in which he states that an attempt is being made to establish an export trade in lean cattle to be sent from the United States to graze and be fattened upon the succulent grass of Schleswig-Holstein, "famous for its rich pastures, which are not surpassed in any part of the world." The object is to export the cattle again when fattened, to England and other European States. The Consul says that his deputy, Mr. Moeller, a Schleswig-Holsteiner by birth, observing that comparatively few cattle are bred and raised in that fertile province, called the attention of the graziers to the subject, and that, by way of experiment, 320 lean cattle from Chicago were landed at Tönning in April, costing much less than the price at which such animals can be procured from any part of Europe.

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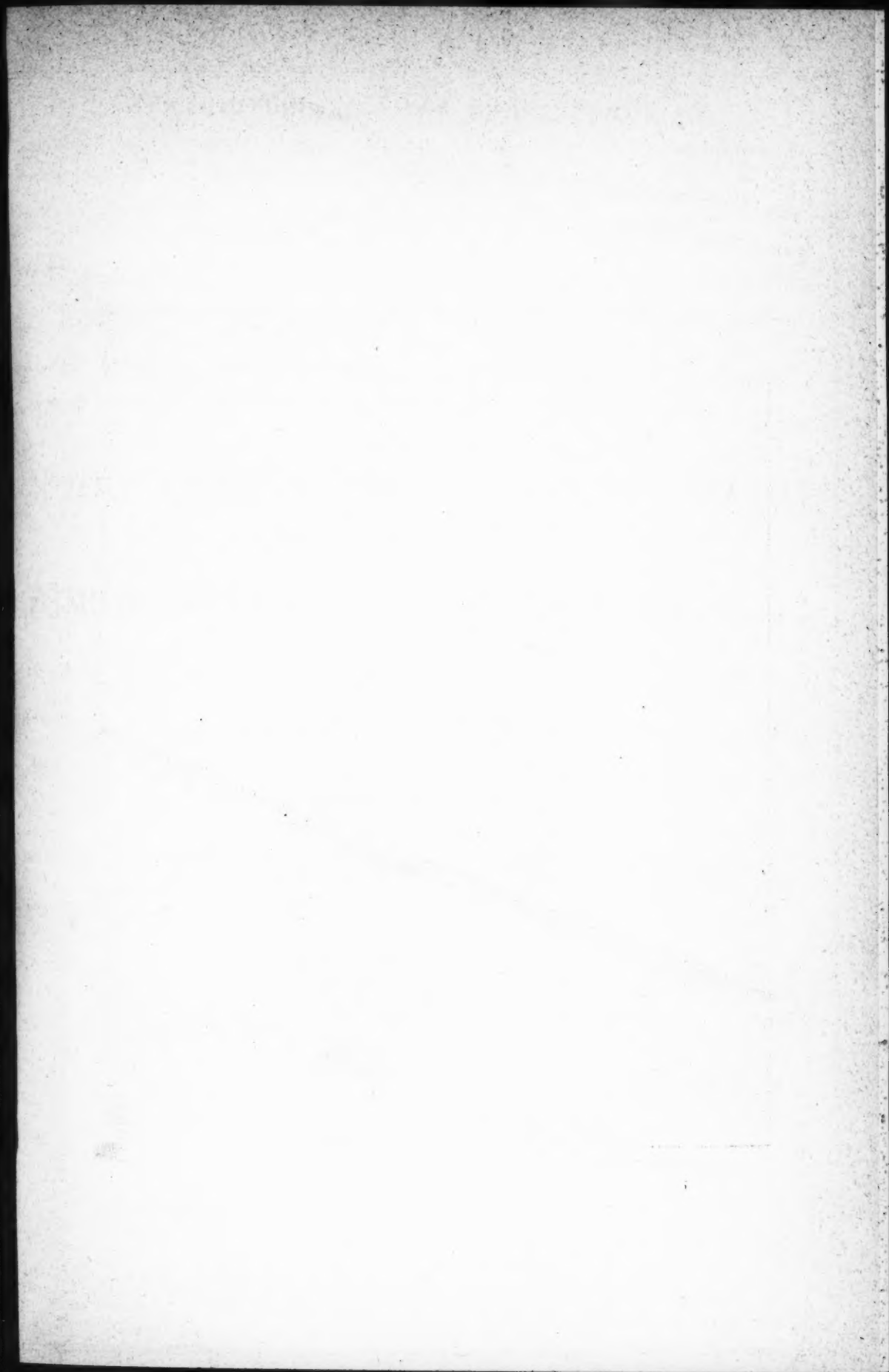
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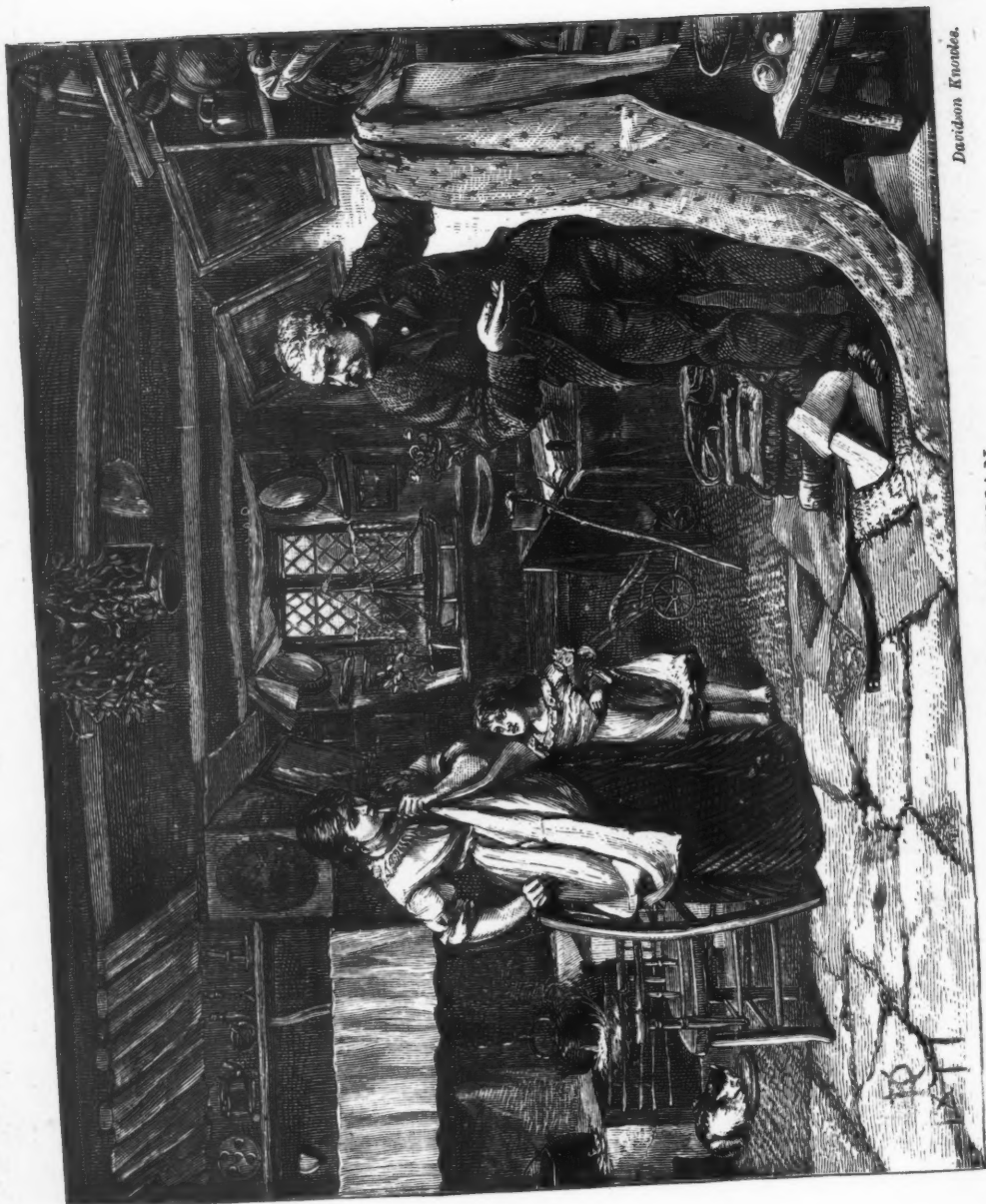
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